

# The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES"—Goethe

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SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1861

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## THE CHURCH OF ALL SAINTS, KENSINGTON PARK. MENDELSSOHN'S ELIJAH.

Previous to the consecration of the Church of All Saints, Kensington Park, the ORATORIO OF ELIJAH will be given therein, on Saturday afternoon, March 30th, with full Band, Organ, and Chorus, including in all 300 Performers.

### PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS:

Miss LOUISA TYNE and Mad. LAURA BAXTER,  
Mad. ALEXANDER NEWTON and Miss SUSAN TYNE,  
Mr. WILBYE COOPER and Mr. W. H. WEISS.

Conductor—Dr. JAMES PECH.

Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, in aid of the Completion Fund.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL.**—The First New Philharmonic Concert this season will take place on Monday evening, March 11; the First Public Rehearsal Saturday afternoon, March 9, at half-past 2. Conductor, Dr. Wyld. Programme:—Overture—Egmont; violin concerto—Mendelssohn; Schubert's Grand Symphony in C; Weber's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat; overture, Alencoragn—Cherubini. Pianist, Miss Arabella Goddard; violin, M. Vieuxtemps, his first appearance at these concerts; vocalists Mad. Lemmens-Sherington, &c.; orchestra and choir of 300 performers. Subscription for the series of Six Concerts and Five Public Rehearsals:—Sofa stall, 22 2s.; balcony, first row, One Guinea and a Half; second row, One Guinea.

Messrs Cramer and Co., 201 Regent Street; Keith, Prowse and Co., 48 Cheapside; Austin, Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; W. Graeffe Nicholls, Esq., Hon Sec., 33 Argyll Street, W.

## THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.

Fifth Season, 1861. President—the Right Hon. the Earl of DUDLEY. Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT. FIRST CONCERT, Tuesday evening, March 12, when Miss ARABELLA GODDARD will perform prelude and fugue, ALLA TARANTELLA (J. S. Bach), and ALBION, fantasia on English airs, composed expressly for Miss ARABELLA GODDARD (BENEDICT). Subscription for the series of Five Concerts and one Conversation—Sofa stalls (double tickets), 23 3s.; balcony stalls, front row (double tickets), 21 2s. Subscribers can secure the best places at Mr. MITCHELL'S, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street, W. The remaining dates are Wednesdays, April 3 and 17; May 1 and 22; and June 19. The Conversation will be given on Wednesday, May 22.

## THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION, St. James's Hall.—On

Tuesday Evening next, March 12th, at 8.—Miss Arabella Goddard, Miss Banks, Mad. Laura Baxter; the London Quintet, Union Messrs. Dundas, Westlake, Webb II. Pettit, Reynolds; and Choir of 200 voices. Conductor, M. Benedict.

Tickets, 5s., 3s., and 1s. each, at Mr. Austin's Ticket Office, 28 Piccadilly.

## THE ARION, Conductor, Mr. ALFRED GILBERT.—The

First Grand Orchestral Concert will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Friday, March 15, at 8 o'clock. Principal vocalists—Mad. Weiss, Mad. Gilbert, Miss Susanna Cole, Mlle. Charlier, Miss Postbrooke, Mad. Andrea, Miss E. Boden, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Wallworth and Mr. Weiss. Pianoforte, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD. Violin, M. Vieuxtemps. Accompanists, Dr. Benedict Gilbert; organ, Mr. W. C. Pily; harp, Mr. Layland. Stalls, 5s.; reserved seats, 2s. 6d.; area, 1s. Tickets at the principal Music-sellers, and at Mr. Alfred Gilbert, 13 Berners Street.

## THE LONDON CONCERT SEASON, 1861.—Mr.

C. M. SHEE respectfully intimates to the Musical Profession that he continues to undertake the ARRANGEMENT of Concerts (public or private) as heretofore, at very moderate charges. Address, S. Miles and Co., 105 Wardour Street, or 6 Lower John Street, Golden Square.

## THE TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT, ACCOUNTS, and BALANCE SHEET of the Mutual Life Assurance Society for the year 1860 are this day published, and may be had by a written or personal application to the Head Office, or to any of the Society's Agents.

CHARLES INGALL, Actuary.

The Mutual Life Assurance Society,  
39 King Street, Cheapside, E.C., London, 20th Feb. 1861.

### IN THE PRESS,

## HOWARD GLOVER'S OPERA, "RUY BLAS,"

shortly to be performed at the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden.  
Boosey and Sons, Holles Street.

## PREMIERE TARANTELLA, pour Piano, par BRINLEY

RICHARDS, dédiée à M. Charles Hallé, 5s.

10

**MISS AUGUSTA THOMSON** begs to announce her RETURN from Paris for the Season. Letters for Concerts, Oratorios, Parties, &c., to be addressed to her residence, 38, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

**MR. and MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN** beg to announce, that they have REMOVED to 38 Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W., where they will continue to give lessons on the Flute, Guitar, and Concertina.

**MISS HELEN HOGARTH** (Teacher of Singing) begs to inform her pupils and the public that she has RETURNED to town for the season, and has removed from Weymouth Street to No. 71 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury Square.

**SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI** begs to announce that he has REMOVED to 27 Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.

**MR. HENRY HAIGH** will remain in Town for the Season, and can accept ENGAGEMENTS for Operas, Concerts, and Oratorios.—205 Eas-on Road, N.W.

**MR. and Mrs. H. C. LUNN** beg to inform their Pupils and Friends that they have REMOVED from 23 Southampton Street, Bloomsbury, to 13 Great Coram Street, Russell Square.

**MADAME OURY'S BRILLIANT FANTASIA** on Jacobite Airs, 4s.—Madame Oury's Souvenirs d'Ecosse, 4s.—Madame Oury's "Auld Robin Gray," 4s.  
Boosey & Sons, Holles Street, and Patterson & Sons, Edinburgh.

## MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S NEW SOLO "ALBION," FANTASIA ON ENGLISH AIRS,

(By BENEDICT).

PERFORMING with the greatest success by Miss ARABELLA GODDARD at all the Concerts of the season, price 4s.  
Boosey and Sons, Holles Street.

### NEW CANZONET JUST PUBLISHED.

"THE RAINBOW," by Mrs. J. HOLMAN ANDREWS.  
Written by the Rev. J. KEBLE. Dedicated to Miss Wood, North Cray Place, Kent. Price 2s. 6d.  
London: Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201 Regent Street.

## TWO MUSICAL SKETCHES for the PIANOFORTE

dedicated to Mr. Charles Hallé, by JAMES LEA SUMMERS, price 2s. 6d. each, "are cleverly written and stamped with real musical feeling."—MUSICAL WORLD.  
London: Addison, Hollier and Lucas, 210 Regent Street.

## COLLARD and COLLARD'S NEW WEST-END

ESTABLISHMENT, 16 Grosvenor Street, Bond Street, where all communications are to be addressed. Pianofortes of all classes for Sale and Hire.

## CONGREGATIONAL HYMN and TUNE BOOK.—

Third ten thousand. 106 Four-Part Tunes, with their Hymns, arranged for the Church, price sixpence; in cloth, 1s.; leather, 3s. Words, separate, one penny; in cloth, with Table and Indexes, threepence. Enclose stamps, or P.O. order to Rev. R. R. Choze, Upton Scudamore, Warminster.

## TO ORGANISTS.—WANTED immediately, for the

Parish Church of Beccles, in Suffolk, an efficient Organist and Choir Master. The salary will not exceed £10 per annum.—Application to be made to Mr. W. J. Sharpe, Churchwarden.

**ARTICLED PUPIL.**—The Organist of York Minster has a vacancy in his house for another Pupil.

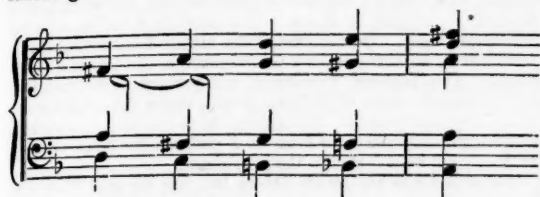
## REPEAL of the PAPER DUTY.—The TENTH

ANNUAL PUBLIC MEETING of the Association for Promoting the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge will be held at the Whitlington Club, Arundel Street, Strand, Wednesday, March 13, 1861. WILLIAM EWART, M.P., in the Chair. The Meeting will be addressed by ACTON S. AYRTON, M.P.; G. AUGUSTUS SALA; GEORGE THOMPSON; Dr. JOHN WATTS; and ALEXANDER YOUNG, Secretary to the Blatinized Paper Pipe Company. Doors open at 7, Chair taken at 8. Tickets for the Platform may be had at the Whitlington Club, and at the Office of the Association 162, Strand, W. C.



## Reviews.

"A Sketch for the Organ"—by JAMES GATTIE (J. W. Jewell). Let this be our voluntary to play the composers in, upon whom we are about to pass judgment. It consists of an *adagio* of two lines ("12 bars"—Herr Lenz would add), and an *allegro* of ten lines ("63 bars"—Herr Lenz would add); and but for one or two such progressions as the following—



might pass muster as a lengthened chain of well-studied progressions.

And now make way for old *Dussek*, who, in answer to this conglomerate of chords, brings with him a strain of gentle melody, in the shape of another charming canzonet. "*Gentle Hope, from Heaven descending*"—words by JOHN OXENFORD, music by DUSSEK (Chappell and Co.)—is a welcome addition to the vocal department of the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERT LIBRARY, which has already given us "*Name the glad day, dear*," "*Now summer has departed*," and the duettino, "*Pardon, dearest treasure*." The canzonet under notice ("*Gentle Hope*") forms No. 2 of the *Six Canzonets*, Op. 52, the republication of which is a genuine boon to our public singers. JOHANN LUDWIG (JEAN LOUIS) DUSSEK, and JOHN OXENFORD are genial companions. They ride comfortably together "in the melodious coach, careless of where the horses may take them" (as Richard Wagner says of Rossini and Auber),—and with good cause, being well assured that the quadrupeds will lead them to the "old well," where fresh tune lies, deep and full, to be drawn up by legitimate sons of melody. Of this "*Gentle Hope*" is an unmistakable sign. Words and music combine as if they had been intended from the first for each other. In short, if not quite equal to that exquisite specimen of Dussek's vocal inspiration and Mr. Oxenford's strong sympathy with it, "*Name the glad day, dear*," it is in every respect a beautiful canzonet. Nor can it be altogether unknown to our readers, Mr. Sims Reeves having already introduced it at the Monday Popular Concerts.

More melody, more harmony, more true musical expression in short, is at hand. The dead Bohemian is worthily succeeded by a living Englishman. "*Love me or love me not*"—words and music by HENRY SMART (Cramer, Beale and Chappell)—is another proof that its composer is determined to maintain the honour of our English school of vocal music. In the words, which involve a new treatment of an old theme, Mr. Henry Smart reveals a poetical faculty for which hitherto he has not received credit. Let the reader judge:—

"Among the grass a maiden sat,  
Upon a summer's eve,  
Thinking which of all her loves  
She may the best believe.  
She thought of one, and plucked a stem  
Of the enchanter's grass;  
Swiftly its little knotted buds  
Her slender fingers pass.

Loves he me? or loves he not?  
I love not him, so I care not.  
Loves he me not? He loves not me.  
'Tis best, because this was not he."

Now, although in the 1st and 4th lines, "sat" and "may," and in the 5th and 8th, "plucked" and "pass," suggest a certain confusion of the past and present tenses; and although (winking at the duosyllable with a *k*, line 7) the above is rather *notty* than smooth, it exhibits, we repeat, a poetical faculty to which Mr. Smart has hitherto laid no claim. In the second stanza (for which we are unable to find room) the maiden plucks a "spray," instead of a "stem," (We should have recommended a "twig," as more likely to help her to find out—to "twig"—the exact truth); and while, amidst blushes, she puts the questions to the spray she had already put to the stem—

"Love me?—love me not?  
He loveth me!  
Would it were true, for this is he!"

a voice behind her "satin shoulder," or close to her "velvet elbow," "whispers merrily"—

"Yes, it is true, for it is I!"

To "whisper merrily" is a new feat of tongue. Mr. Smart's music, however, is far superior and far more highly finished than his poetry. "Love me or love me not" is indeed a beautiful song, with melody going on all through—a pure stream of time that might have been prolonged indefinitely while its author was in the vein, and which leaves regret behind when it ceases. Why should it have ceased? But besides its melodious and harmonious charm, there is a deep sentiment in the song which endows it with another and a higher attraction. The alternate questions addressed by the maiden to the "stem" and the "spray" are cunningly contrasted. In the last, when the interrogation relates to the real master of her heart, an exquisite point is made, which we are sorry we cannot afford space to quote at length. To mutilate it would be sacrilege; it must therefore be left to the imagination of our readers, few of whom, we fancy, after what has been said, will hesitate to render themselves acquainted with Mr. Henry Smart's new song.

"*Good bye, Winter*," trio for treble voices—words from *Parley's New Keepsake*, music by MRS. HENRY AMES (Ashdown and Parry.) The words from *Parley's New Keepsake* are good. Peruse them, reader:—

"Winter, Winter—sad and dreary,  
You are growing old and weary,  
So 'tis time for you and I  
To say 'Good bye!'"

"Winter, Winter—bleak and blowy,  
Icy, sleety, rainy, snowy,  
Spring is softly stealing nigh;  
Good bye! Good bye!"

"Winter, Winter—pale and chill,  
The snow-wreath fades on yonder hill,  
The birds are singing in the sky;  
Good bye! Good bye!"

"Winter, Winter—sad and dreary," &c.

We hope this may be true, for the "winter," now snailishly (very) cutting its stick, has been downright inclement. We should like to add a verse or two to the foregoing pretty (and too amiable) apostrophe to the inexorable old "grip."

"Winter, Winter—drear and dusky,  
Piping, snivelling, grumbling, husky,  
No love's lost 'twixt me and you;  
Go about your business, do!"



"Winter, Winter—wet and dirty,  
Worse than any one since 'thirty '\*  
Scarce 'nough sun to read a letter,  
Soon as you are off the better.

"Good bye?"—no, *ill* bye you merit,  
None your naughtiness would credit;  
Dull one moment, duller th' other,  
Nought but rain and splash and bother!

"Winter, Winter—pray don't linger,  
When you've sloped, I'll place a finger  
On my nose, and say 'God speed you!'  
Pray don't think we further need you.

"Winter, Winter," &c.

SPRING, you're wanted. The sooner you come the better; and we trust the prognostications of *Parley's* (*Peter Parley's*?) *New Keepsake* may be speedily verified. Then let all England be vocal with some half-dozen of Mendelssohn's fresh, and buoyant, and *springy Frühlingslieder*. Nor would it be beside the purpose if some pretty maidens, arrayed in white, with snowdrops, primroses, and violets in their hair, were to assemble in groups of three, and sing Mrs. Henry Ames' unaffected and charming little tune, which is as correct and harmonious as it is tuneful.

#### MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

##### ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

BRISAC (JULIUS) "The harp that once through Tara's halls" (Pianoforte).  
JANICH (F. A.) "Solitude."  
Ditto "Un moment de récréation."  
PRAEGER (F.) "Malbrook."  
ERGMANN (A.) "Valse Caprice" (Violin, Violoncello, and Pianoforte).

##### DUNCAN DAVISON AND CO.

GREVILLE (The Hon. Mrs.) "La speranza" (Vocal).  
Ditto "La costanza."  
Ditto "Quando nascente il dolce sorriso."

##### J. H. JEWELL.

GATTIE (JAMES) "A Sketch for the Organ" (No. 1).  
Ditto ditto (No. 2).

##### J. WILLIAMS.

ATKINSON (F. C.) "An address to Bees" (Song).

#### MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

March 6.

As the interregnum since my last letter, three weeks ago, has, I perceive, been partially filled up by another correspondent, on whose qualifications for the office I must be dumb, and by a translation (more or less correct) from one of the French journals, I shall take up events here subsequently to the two important lyrical occurrences their articles refer to, namely, Auber's new *opéra comique* and that of Clapisson. In due order of precedence, I will first speak of the doings at the Grand Opéra. These are hitherto altogether in prospect for *Tannhäuser*, which was to have come out on Monday, postponed, owing to the indisposition of Venus (Mad. Tedesco), until Friday, *latiné, dies Veneris*; and therefore, we trust, of happy omen in this circumstance. All sorts of small talk is afloat in relation to the incidents which have marked the progress of the rehearsals of Wagner's opera, and not a musical personage can you encounter without being informed of some petty circumstance in connection with the getting up of the work. This multifold chatter resembles the twittering of birds previous to the levée of the King of Day—gossiping courtiers in the antechambers of the East. The impression of the whole mass of sound is lively enough, and gives a zest to anticipation; but take any separate contribution of one throat, and it is the feeblest and most inexpressive of sparrow-chirps. Therefore will I trouble you with not one item of this news-chaff, for you are too old a bird to be caught with it. Take instead a very consistent statement of

fact, to the effect that the work which is to follow close upon the heel of the German neo-composer's production is a new opera by M. Gounod, under the title of *La Reine de Saba*, the libretto of which has been written by MM. Michael Carré and Barbier, and is founded on a novel by Gérard de Nerval. M. Gueymard, Mads. Gueymard-Lauters and Belval will be invested with the principal characters. It is further said that Meyerbeer's opera, *L'Africaine*, will follow next in succession—that is to say, unless *Les Troyens*, by Hector Berlioz, should not find its way to the foot-lamps of the Academy instead,—an event which is spoken of, and would beyond gainsay be an act of justice. There have been so many slips between the cup of publicity and the black lips of Meyerbeer's heroine, that she would scarcely be affected by the consequent delay. On the 23rd of this month it is announced that there will be an extraordinary performance at the Imperial Opera House. Two hundred executants will perform a selection from the symphonic works of Felicien David, under the conductorship of the composer himself. The *Désert*, the fourth part of *Christophe Colomb*, the overture to *La Perle du Brésil*, and the finale of *Moïse au Sinaï*, will be included in the programme.

The manager of the Italian Opera has just engaged Mlle. Trebelli for five years. The terms are said to be 200*l.* a month the first year, 280*l.* the second, and 320*l.*, 360*l.*, and 400*l.* for the third, fourth, and fifth years. These are not bad terms even for an Italian cantatrice, and the lady, who will make her *début* in *Tancredi*, is said to be indebted for so advantageous an engagement to the two brilliant seasons which she has recently carried through at Berlin and Madrid. The *Nozze di Figaro* is in preparation. Mad. Penco, whose engagement has just been renewed, will play Susanna, Mad. Battu the Countess, and Mlle. Dalmonti, whose *débuts* will continue, the Page. Meanwhile the Italian pianist, of whom I gave you some notion not long since, is astonishing the audiences at the Salle Ventadour each night of performance with his executive feats. He has himself accompanied by an orchestra, which would seem quite a superfluous measure in his case, for the ubiquitous power of his fingers on the key-board supplies the place of another pair of hands. One thing is to be said in favour of this hard-hitting gymnast, this "harmonious blacksmith"—he conceals the physical effort his feats cost him with a placidity of exterior truly Spartan in its heroism.

Mlle. Lemercier being unwell, a new work by M. Poise, called *Le Jardinier Galant*, has had to be put off at the Opéra Comique. The Théâtre Lyrique also announces a novelty, *Les Deux Cadis*, an *opéra buffa* in one act, by M. Imbert, whose first attempt it is, and who is expected to exhibit masterly qualities—though of course on a small scale. *Gil Blas* with Mlle. Girard will be revived next week, to be followed by *La Statue*, by M. Reyher. The run of Clapisson's new opera, *Madame Grégoire*, and of the transplanted *Val d'Andorre*, will nevertheless continue. It is announced that M. Ambroise has again perched himself with unconscious impertinence upon the bust of Shakspeare, there to twitter his inanities and perform other bird-like but less seemly functions, which tomtits are wont to indulge in, in their ecstasy at finding themselves thus elevated. Falstaff and the sacred person of Shakspeare, dragged into the ridiculous piece of his *Songe d'une Nuit d'Été*, have not satisfied his sacrilegious ravings. He must now render *Hamlet* even more ridiculous than he has been made of late years by inept ambition on British boards. *Hamlet* the hero of an *opéra comique*! Oh ye daughters of heaven—each of you lend me a thong to make me a cat-o'-nine-tails, that I may whip this rascally crotchet-monger through the world! Is he not a descendant of the unbelieving Thomas? If I were an M.P., I should certainly ask Lord John Russell whether he meant to allow this threatened insult to the English nation in the immortal essence of its greatest and most revered genius to be perpetrated without a remonstrance,—a remonstrance backed by an ominous rattling of volunteer rifles. Like ancient Pistol let him exclaim, "All hell (videlicet *Omnis Gallia*, which, like the *Inferno* of Dante, 'divisa est in tres partes') shall stir for this."

Apocryph of Mad. Penco's re-engagement and the terms received by Italian artists, it is said that M. Colzado had to submit to an increase in that lady's demands, and has signed an agreement to pay her 252,000*fr.* (10,080*l.*) for three seasons of seven months, a private box on the stage, and a multitude of other pri-

\* The winter of 1830 (if we remember well) was what Mr. Mantalini would call "a demned winter," or even "a demnition winter."

vileges great and small. Signor Gardoni is to be succeeded by a tenor *léger*, Montanaro by name, whose voice is said to be very fresh and very flexible. Signor Angelini, wishing to go to Russia with Signor Graziani, has been allowed to give up his engagement, the management making no demand for compensation, which may be flattering or otherwise as a man may regard it. Mad. Tagliafico, in her normal capacity of comprimaria, will form part of the company. I told you how Signor Beneventano was to supply the place of Signor Graziani, making up in stones' weight of too solid flesh the deficiencies of the spirit. Not even his title of Baron della Piana can, however, exactly be taken in compensation for the defect in his title to rank as first barytone in a first-rate establishment.

The jury charged with examining the designs of the competitors for the new opera house have just completed their labours under the presidency of the Minister of State, Count Walewski. None of the plans sent in have been considered worthy of the first prize involving the execution of the project, but as the jury have represented that many of the attempts made by the competitors are of a very satisfactory character, the minister has granted an additional sum of 5000fr. to be distributed according to the judgment of the jury. This sum has been divided into three prizes; one of 2000fr. and the two others of 1000fr. each. Agreeably with the terms of the decree of the 29th of December last, the prizes have been awarded as follows:—Plan No. 6, M. Ginani, the 1st prize of 6000fr.; No. 34, MM. Crepinet and Botrel, the 2nd prize of 4000fr.; No. 17, M. Garnaud, the 3rd prize of 2000fr.; No. 29, M. Duc, the 4th prize of 1500fr.; No. 38, M. Garmer, the 5th prize of 1500fr. A future report will eventually explain the grounds on which the jury have decided their selection.

You are aware that the proprietary of the journal, *La Maîtrise*, together with the Congress for the restoration of Church Music, recently opened a competition for prizes to be awarded to the best sacred compositions. The examining committee is about shortly to assemble, and will classify, in the order of their respective merits, the short masses for three voices, the motets for one, two, or three voices, and the organ pieces applicable to the celebration of the various services which have been sent in to the editors of *La Maîtrise* by organists and chapel masters, French and foreign, who have taken part in the competition. Three gold medals, three of silver, and three of bronze, amounting in value to a total sum of 1250fr., have been allotted for the best manuscripts already received, or which may be sent in and examined during the meetings of the committee which commenced on the 20th of February, and will continue to the end of the present month. Those who desire to compete are invited to send to MM. Hengel and Co., No. 2 bis, Rue Vivienne, Paris, for a programme of the terms of the competition.

The first concert of the season was given last Wednesday at the Tuileries. Their Imperial Majesties do not seem to fare much more delicately in their musical entertainments than do our own Sovereign and consort at their palace of Buckingham. For curiosity's sake, I will transcribe the programme:—1, Trio, *Pré au Clercs*; 2, Duo, *Chaste Suzanne*; 3, *Les Noces Basques*, pastoral scene for the harmonicon of Debain, by M. Lefebvre Wely; 4, Air, *Songes d'une Nuit d'Eté*; 5, Chorus and air, *La Circassienne*; 6, Quatuor, by Alary; 7, Duo, *Les Voitures Versées*; 8, Cantique, *Le Domino Noir*; 9, Variations, *les Diamants de la Couronne*; 10, *Scena, La Circassienne*. M. Alary presided at the piano, and the orchestra was conducted by M. Tilmant. A *chef de cuisine* who should place relatively so vulgarly inspired a *carte* before his Imperial master and mistress as their programme, would receive the Imperial sack, and most deservedly, nay, would merit exile to an English club-house. The *chef de musique* of the Imperial household is, on the contrary, "personally felicitated." His Majesty's subjects are either more faithfully served by their music purveyors, or have a better taste which they impose on the programme-maker. For instance, M. Le Président du Sénat, alias M. Troplong, had a concert the other day, a portion whereof were the principal scenes from the *Armide* and *Orphée* of Gluck, "interpreted" (vile word) by Mad. Viardot. Mad. Jardier de Maleville, moreover, played Mozart and Haydn to the guests of the same dignitary of the State. To go on with private musical entertainments—*musique de société*—let me mention, first, that

Rossini's "Saturday evenings" are brought to a close—dying most Pesaro swanlike and melodiously. On one occasion M. Duprez organised a concert, the *personnel* of which was entirely composed of his pupils, his own daughter, and M. Vandenneuvel, her husband inclusive, and never were the maestro's salons so crowded. To this succeeded a quieter Saturday, when only four artists exhibited their talents, the basso, Signor Badiali, the new tenor, Signor Montanaro, Signor Perelli, and Signor Bazzini, instrumental, executants, to whom must be added, supplementarily, the Vicomtesse de Grandval. The other night at the Baron de M——'s a little sensation was created by the present *chef d'orchestre* of the Société des Concerts, M. Tilmant, senior, standing forward again as a virtuoso of the first rank, and recalling all the charm and excellence of his youthful days, by taking part in a quintet by Onslow, and in the first quintet of M. C. Estienne. Mlle. Clementine Tinclé de Kerolan,—a lady whose high talents as a pianist are never heard in public, save when the cause of charity induces her to use them as a lure to the generosity of all who love good music,—assembled a few friends on Sunday week to hear her play Beethoven's trio in B flat, Weber's sonata, Op. 49, Mendelssohn's sonata in B flat, and Prudent's *Sonnambula* fantasia. MM. Sigheicelli and Emile Rignault assisted her in the concerted works. The tenor, Alexander Reichardt, has lately given a very successful concert. His sympathetic voice is as much admired here as it has been in England and Germany. M. Henri Herz announces for the 13th of the present month, a grand orchestral concert to take place of course in his own rooms—Herz of that ilk. Among the artists engaged, is M. Servais, whom one of the papers here dubs the Emperor of the violoncello. "Salve, Imperator, nos mentituri te salutant!" I have seen no account of Piatti's demise or abdication, have you? French votes will not make emperors in the MUSICAL WORLD. Servais may crown himself, or get crowned with a diadem of newspaper paragraphs; but the sacrament of universal opinion is wanting to the investiture. Emperor Fiddlestick! I refuse, for one, my allegiance at the risk of being sent *au violon*, or shut up in his violoncello-case—or bow strung, string and bow are there.

A correspondent in Brussels writes me, that on the first night of Gounod's *Faust*, the théâtre de la Monnaie was crowded, and that the opera was greatly applauded, to the calling on of the author twice during the performance. I had had no less brilliant accounts of the success of this work in Germany. At Darmstadt the Grand Duke sent for the composer, and presented him with the golden medal of merit, a reward which for twenty years past, there had not been thought any occasion to confer—on a foreigner. When Darmstadt opens its eyes to the merits of foreigners once or so in a century, it sees very far. Felix Godefröid, the harpist, has been harping to a good account in the outlying places of France, to wit, Langres, Colmar, Mulhausen, Metz and Nancy, and now he is in Paris again with the rapidity of one of his own arpeggio passages, having given as usual a *soirée* last Sunday evening in his salons. At Colmar just mentioned, M. J. Stockhausen, the barytone and son of the ancient harpist of that name, has just given a concert, when the ancient harpist in question brushed the cobwebs off his ancient harp, and with happy fingers, which na'th'less had forgot little of their cunning, accompanied his son in the *Nachtstück* of Franz Schubert.

This evening there will take place the fourth of a series of musical performances much resembling your very successful "Monday Popular Concerts." They are at the Salle Pleyel and under the management or control of MM. Armingaud, L. Jacquart, and E. Lalo, with the assistance of Mad. Massart. Here is the programme for to-night:—1, Trio in E major, Mozart, piano, violin and violoncello; 2, Fourth quatuor in D minor, Schubert, two violins, alto and violoncello; 3, Sonata in E flat, Op. 12, Mendelssohn, two violins, alto and violoncello.

M. Schulhoff gave his third and last concert at these concert rooms last Friday, and with no abatement of the interest manifested on the occasion of his first as described by your humble but faithful correspondent.

Of theatrical news there is but little, and that little of no great interest. At the Odéon, a five act tragedy, by Alexandre Soumet and M. Louis Belmontel, entitled *Une Fête de Néron*, has been

revived. It is a production of the romantic school, and, with the scope it gives for spectacle, and even ballet, stands widely apart from the stiff and stately puritanism of Racine and Corneille. The part of Nero, originally acted by Ligier, is played by M. Gibeau, and that of Agrippina by Mlle. Karoly, who has neither the majestic bearing nor dramatic force of Mlle. Georges, the original representative of the character. Poppœa, however, is quite adequately sustained by Mlle. Jordens. The mounting of the revival is excellent—a *divertissement* of bacchantes, and a scene representing the Gulf of Baia being especially notable. The Gymnase has at length produced *Le Gentilhomme Pauvre*, a long-expected comedy in two acts, by MM. Dumanoir and Lafargue. It is founded on one of the tales in the *Scènes de la Vie Flamande* of the Belgian novelist Henri Conscience, and possesses very striking situations, some of which are due entirely to the ingenuity of the dramatists. It is well acted, Lafontaine and Mlle. Victoria playing the principal parts. The Variétés has withdrawn the "*revue*" which had so long occupied its bills, and puts forward three novelties—*Les Ramoneurs*, a vaudeville in one act; *La Chasse aux papillons*, and *Paris quand il pleut*. The latter is in two acts, and from the pen of MM. Clairville and Moinaux. It is full of broad fun, in which Ledère Kopp and Mlle. Bader and Henry are quite at home. The title of the first-named piece, *Les Ramoneurs*, will sound obscurely to most of your readers. It alludes to the practice of certain persons who would conceal the fact that old Time has been shaving their heads with his scythe, by drawing the still flowing locks, which he as yet has only "thinned," back over the denuded portion of their craniums. A very bold subject, we should say here, for even the flimsiest farce. In France the complaint is otherwise turned by calling the piece *Un peu tiré par les cheveux*.

(To be continued.)

### THE ORGAN.\*

THIRTEENTH STUDY.—QUALITY OF TONE CONTINUED, AND ITS SECOND PRINCIPAL CAUSE, FORM—THE FREE REED.

THE quality of the tone of reed pipes does without doubt most especially depend on the relative proportions of the pipe, the tongue, and the reed; but it depends, above all, on the way in which the reed itself is constructed. It is well known that reeds are of two kinds, the *free* reed, and the *striking* reed. This last kind produces a sharp metallic quality of tone, and this mainly arises from the tongue striking sharply against the edges of the groove. That sharp, trumpet quality of tone, which so takes the fancy of those who admire orchestral music, has for a long time been a cause of offence to persons who are not so wholly prejudiced in its favour, especially when they meet with it in a church of small dimensions, where there is but little sounding room, and they or others have often compared its tones, harsh and ill-proportioned to the size of the place, to the grating sound which is produced by dragging a heavy wooden bench over a stone pavement. Nor was it until long after science had ceased to devote its energies exclusively to the interests of ecclesiastical art, that, at the beginning of this century, when the sacred fire of zeal for the ancient traditions was again lighted up, a certain learned admirer of organs, M. Grenié, was inspired with the means of softening the quality of the reed pipes used in their construction. This he did by so arranging the tongue, with regard to the reed, that one might pass evenly within the other without meeting with any resistance. The two pieces are in fact so exactly fitted one to the other in his system, that the tongue would seem to be cut of the reed. Its action may be described as follows:—When the tongue, which is a thin piece of metal, is set in motion by the wind, on its passage upwards from the foot of the pipe into the reed, it gives way under its pressure for so much of its length as is pliant enough to do so, and is then brought back to its former position by its own spring-like nature. This alternate action of the air upon the tongue, and of the tongue upon the air, lasts as long as the wind is supplied to the foot of the pipe, and

results in the production of a quality of tone as delicate as it is penetrating. The tones also of a reed thus constructed are far better suited to blend with those of the flue pipes than those of reeds made in the ordinary way.

There is little more than the above to say about the free reed. It is generally fitted to pipes, the bodies of which are made to a length which has been found by experience to be the best for the still further development of its tones, and somewhat shorter than those of the striking reeds. These last speak best, as is well known, with pipes which are three quarters of the length of flue pipes of the same note, while the free reed speaks well with a pipe which is not more than half the length of the flue pipe. With even shorter pipes than these M. Grenié has made free reeds, which speak the note of a 16-foot open pipe, with all the regularity and vigour which is required of them, though not with a tone which is equal in these respects to that of the French reed-stop, called the *bombarde*.†

The dimensions of the tongue, with regard to length, width, and thickness, are of as much importance in the construction of free reeds, as they are in that of the striking reed. If these details are not attended to, it will be subject to various irregular movements in its wrestlings with the wind. As the end, when the tongue of the free reed is fastened, is firmly fixed, no amount of wind can possibly make it vary in pitch; but this does not prevent it from being affected by an accident to which all metals are liable namely, a change in the temperature, and to this it is most sensitive. Hence heat makes it get flat, cold makes it get sharp, so that in winter a free reed will sometimes be as much as a quarter of a tone sharper than it is in summer. An extra pressure of wind has no more effect on the free reed than to widen the range of its beats, and consequently to give greater vigour to its power; a diminished pressure has, of course, a contrary effect; but in neither case is the pitch of the note altered. The ease with which its sounds may be thus augmented or diminished, according to the pressure of the wind, has given rise to its being used for the production of those effects of expression which are generally understood by the words *crescendo* and *diminuendo*. These effects are not, it is true, wholly inadequate for the expression of human feeling, though, after all, in a very imperfect way, and to apply them to the great organ, whose tones are throughout even and equal, is as contrary to the qualities of music in general, as it is to the traditions of music of the Church.

We would allow, then, the introduction of the free reed into an organ intended for the service of the Church, not as an expression stop merely, by which the feelings of the faithful may be moved, or their attention distracted, but because it points out to us a way, as brilliant as it is sweet, by which we may get rid both of that hard quality of tone of the striking reed, and because it will tend to put a stop to the noisy clatter of French organ-playing leaving us with nothing to fall back upon, as is the case with the Germans, but the dull monotony of wood and metal flue pipes. It may be added, that the introduction of free reeds into our larger church-organs, is, in the first place, due to a member of the French magistracy, M. Hamel, a judge at Beauvais. Of his skill and practical knowledge we have already had occasion to speak in terms of praise. In the year 1827, he superintended in person the building of the large organ of the cathedral of Beauvais, and for the first time applied the free reed system to this very remarkable instrument.‡

† This system may be found reproduced in the *organ's expression* made by M. Muller, Rue Ville l'Évêque, Paris.

‡ It appears that, in the organ built by M. Hamel, the free reed stops were supplied with wind from a bellows of their own. For we find, in an account published by M. Daujon for the Organ Building Society, of which he says he has the artistic direction, an additional fact in the history of the origin of the free reed. "The firm of MM. Daublanie, Callinet, and Co.," writes M. Daujon, "offers to our notice, at this moment (1844), an improvement in organ building, which consists in employing for the production of expression on their stops, the wind from the ordinary organ bellows. The extra pressure required for this wind is got by means of a pedal, which is at the command of the foot of the player. Henceforward, then, a separate bellows for these expression stops is no longer necessary. For this interesting invention the firm of MM. Daublanie and Callinet has received a patent."

\* From *L'Orgue, sa Connaissance, son Administration, et son Jeu*, by Joseph Regnier.]



## EUGENE SCRIBE.\*

LITERATURE and art have, indeed, suffered cruelly in the last two months, but no loss has touched us so nearly, or been so unexpected, as the loss of EUGENE SCRIBE. At the moment of our penning these lines, all Paris is acquainted with the details of Eugène Scribe's sudden death. It was in a hackney-carriage, while proceeding to M. Auguste Maquet's, in the Rue de Bruxelles, that the illustrious academician was seized with an apoplectic fit. The surgeons state that the aorta was ruptured. On that very morning Eugène Scribe had answered a letter of M. Crémieux, inviting him to dine on the following day, Thursday. Two hours later, the writer of the answer had ceased to exist. It was fated that M. Crémieux should possess the last autograph of Scribe—a relic which the eloquent member of the Paris bar will religiously preserve.

Had all the patrons of Europe been asked to name the writer who personified most completely in their eyes the French stage and contemporary dramatic art; that writer whose durable successes, inexhaustible fertility, perfect clearness, and infinite variety, have carried his reputation to the extreme boundaries of the civilised world, there is not the slightest doubt that they would unanimously have named EUGENE SCRIBE. Wherever a stage has been run up with a few planks, or a float formed of a lamp or two, the name of SCRIBE is known. As a natural consequence, the grief at his death will be immense, for he was the Providence and the Genius of the modern theatre.

This favoured author, who, for the last forty years, has supplied our dramatic repertory, leaving everywhere masterpieces behind him, enjoyed moreover the especially glorious privilege of furnishing the most illustrious composers of the present age with books for their operas. He inspired in turn Boïeldieu, Hérold, Auber, Halévy and Adam. The mere enumeration of Scribe's works would require several numbers of our journal, and even the list of his greatest successes would form a long catalogue. The following is only an instalment:—

AT THE OPÉRA : *La Muette de Portici*, *Robert le Diable*, *La Juive*, *Les Huguenots*, *Le Comte Ory*, *Le Prophète*.

AT THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS : *Valérie*, *La Camaraderie*, *Une Chatne*, *Le Verre d'Eau*, *Bertrand et Raton*, *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, *Les Contes de la Reine de Navarre*, *La Bataille de Dames*.

AT THE OPÉRA COMIQUE : *La Dame Blanche*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Le Domino Noir*, *Le Mason*, *L'Ambassadrice*, *Le Chalet*, *Haydée*, *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, *L'Etoile du Nord*, *Giralda*, *La Circassienne*.

AT THE GYMNASSE : *Michel et Christine*, *La Marraïne*, *La Chanoinesse*, *La Mansarde des Artistes*, *Le Diplomate*, *Une Visite à Bedlam*, *Le plus beau Jour de la Vie*, *Le Mariage de Raison*, and considerably more than one hundred others.

The number of Scribe's dramatic pieces is calculated to approach five hundred. To the latest hour of his life, he continued to use the fertile pen which he had placed upon the coat of arms he invented, with the motto, *Inde Fortuna et Libertas*. Several unpublished pieces, more or less advanced, remain in his portfolio; among others being a comic opera, in three acts, completely finished. This is entitled *La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe*, and was intended for Auber, the long and constant collaborateur of the deceased.

\* \* \* \* \*

The funeral took place on Friday last. As might have been expected, the crowd was immense. Auber, completely prostrated with grief, was the first to appear in the nave of St. Roch, while the funeral procession, with the Minister of State at its head, was still coming down the Rue Royale. His Excellency followed on foot, behind M. Scribe's relations. Independently of the highest official and political notabilities who flocked to attend the procession, we observed nearly every member of the Institute of France; a deputation from the Municipal Council of Paris; the Committee of Dramatic Authors; Baron Taylor, President of the Five Associations, together with representatives of each separate association; the managers and artists of all the Paris theatres, and a deputation of pupils from Sainte-Barbe and Chaptal. In other words, even the nave of St. Roch was too small to accommodate every one, and

many who had been invited to attend the ceremony were unable to obtain ingress.

The great organ was played by M. Auguste Durand, and the *orgue d'accompagnement* by M. Leprévost, both organists of St. Roch. The choruses of the Opéra Comique, the Conservatory, and of the *Maîtrise* of St. Roch, sang the "Introit" and the "Kyrie," from Cherubini's *Requiem*. M. France sang a "Pie Jesu," by M. Jules Cohen. After the mass, the Curé pronounced the absolution, and the procession wended its way to Père-la-Chaise.

In the cemetery six speeches were made. M. Vitel spoke for the Académie Française; M. Auguste Maquet, for the Association of Dramatic Authors; M. Labrousse, for the College of Sainte-Barbe; M. Paillard de Villeneuve, for the Municipal Council; M. Thierry, for the Société des Gens de Lettres and the Théâtre Français; and M. Montigny, as manager of the Gymnase.

In the evening the Théâtre Français, the Opéra Comique and the Gymnase were the only theatres closed, but, though the others were open, mourning reigned in all.—JULES LOVY.

## JOSEPH JOACHIM IN VIENNA.†

THE most important event last week was the appearance of Joseph Joachim. In years gone by, the Viennese had, it is true, heard him as a wonderful *child*, but the wonderful *man* still remained a stranger to them. Vienna, the cradle, if not of Joachim himself, at least of his reputation, as well as the place of his education, had some reason to complain of the manner in which she had invariably been overlooked by the artist in the course of his long travels. Young as he is, Joachim has been considered, for nearly the last ten years, the first of living violinists, and the fact of Vieuxtemps having been, now and then, compared to him, proves that those who used such a standard were aware that they had to deal with greatness of no ordinary kind. It was no easy task for an artist to satisfy such high and long-cherished expectations of a public as experienced as ours. And yet Joachim has accomplished it in the most brilliant manner.

He began with Beethoven's concerto in D major. After the very first movement, it must have been evident to all that they had before them not only a most astonishing *virtuoso*, but a man of great importance and originality. With all his *bravura*, Joachim is so totally merged in the musical Ideal, that he might be described as a perfect musician, who had passed through and gone beyond the most brilliant "virtuosity." His playing is grand, noble, and free. There is not the slightest tinge of "virtuosity" about it; whatever, in the solos, could remind us of vanity or self-esteem is passed over, without our perceiving the faintest trace of it. This nobleness of artistic conviction is so prominent in Joachim, that it prevents our thinking until afterwards of the appreciation due to his magnificent technical skill.

What fulness and power in the tone which Joachim's grand and certain bowing draws from the instrument! It struck us, on the first occasion of our hearing Joachim, that, even in the most emphatic treatment of the lower violin passages, there was none of that peculiarly material scraping and shuffling on the string which we have at times heard in the playing of the most celebrated violinists. Joachim's shake is incomparable for purity and equality, while his polyphonic playing is, at one and the same time, so well combined, and yet so sharply distinct, that the listener frequently fancies he hears two performers. In the course of his concerts Joachim will enable us to form a still nearer acquaintance with his technical skill. After once hearing him, it strikes us that it would not be quite safe to pronounce even a general opinion on his merits, since he will probably exhibit his art to us under other aspects. After his first concert, we certainly felt inclined to believe that the expression of what is great, noble, and pathetic was the task best adapted to his nature. He must show us, in other compositions, whether he is as great a master of light grace, easy wit, and fresh humour. His rendering of Beethoven's concerto—especially his execution of the *adagio*, which he gave with deep feeling, but with such a degree of freedom that he almost appeared

\* Translated and abridged from *Le Ménestrel*.

† From the *Vienna Presse*.

to be extemporising—afforded proofs of the most decided independence of conception. The concerto was more brilliant and more animated under Vieuxtemps' bow. Joachim exhibited greater depth of feeling, and, by truly ethical power, surpassed the effect which Vieuxtemps' playing produced by his gushing temperament.

The second piece was an *adagio* by Spohr, the uniformity of which lost everything like ponderousness in the vigorous and, at the same time, varied manner in which Joachim gave it; but it was in Tartini's *Teufels-Sonata* that he struck us as most astounding. We feel sure that violinists will agree with us when we say that this specimen of colossal and, at the same time, classically refined, technical skill, was something never previously equalled. The most difficult *bravura* passages in this piece—passages which the performer is generally contented to get over with unpretending mediocrity—Joachim not merely produced with ease and certainty, but absolutely, in countless instances, impressed an accent pregnant with meaning on this noisy, seething, confused mass of sounds; he "set up lights" which lent the whole thing a new and expressive character. To sum up, we remember scarcely a second *virtuoso* whose entire performance was cast so completely in one and the same mould, and consequently so pure and harmonious in its effect.\*

\* The writer adds other details about the concert which would have no interest for our readers.—ED. M. W.

## ST. JAMES'S HALL,

(REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.)

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE FIFTEENTH CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON

(56TH CONCERT IN ST. JAMES'S HALL)

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 18, 1861,

The Programme, Vocal and Instrumental, selected from the Works of

BEETHOVEN.

(By unanimous desire, and owing to the extraordinary success of the "Beethoven Nights" on Feb. 11th and March 4th).

First Performance of the TRIO in D (Op. 9).

First Performance of the GRAND SONATA in A MAJOR (Op. 101).

Pianist:—Miss ARABELLA GODDARD.

Ninth Appearance of M. VIEUXTEMPS.

Violoncello:—Signor PIATTI.

### PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet, in F major, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (Op. 59—No. 1 of the set dedicated to Razoumowski) M. VIEUXTEMPS, RUS, SCHREIBER, and PIATTI—Beethoven; Song, Miss BANKS—Beethoven; Grand sonata, in A major, Op. 101, for Pianoforte alone (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), Miss ARABELLA GODDARD—Beethoven.

PART II.—Trio, in D major, for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), M. VIEUXTEMPS, M. SCHREIBER, and Signor PIATTI—Beethoven; Song, Miss BANKS—Beethoven; Grand sonata, in C minor (Op. 30), for Pianoforte and Violin, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD and M. VIEUXTEMPS—Beethoven.

Conductor.—Mr. BENEDICT. To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; unreserved seats, 1s., to be had of Mr. Austin, and at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer and Co.; Hammond, Addison and Co.; Schoft and Co.; Ewer and Co.; Simpson and Oetmann and Co., Regent Street; Bradbury's London Crystal Palace, Oxford Street; Duff and Co., 55 Oxford Street; Prowse, Hanway Street; J. H. Jewell, 104, Great Russell Street; Chidley, 155 High Holborn; Purday, 50 St. Paul's Church Yard; Keith, Prowse and Co., 48 Cheapside; Turner, 19 Cornhill; Cook and Co., 6 Finsbury Place, South; Humfress, 4 Old Church Street, Paddington Green; Fabbian, Circus Road, St. John's Wood; Ransford and Son, 2 Princes Street, Cavendish Square; Ivory, 275, Euston Road; Mitchell, Leader & Co., Olivier, Campbell, Hopwood and Crews, Willis, Bond Street, and Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance may leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole can do so without interruption.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. Smith.—Unprecedented success of Wallace's New Grand Romantic Opera of the AMBER WITCH, which will be repeated every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, until further notice.—THIS EVENING (Saturday), will be performed (for the fifth time), with new scenery, dresses, decorations, and appointments (having been many months in preparation), a new grand romantic opera, in four acts, entitled THE AMBER WITCH. The music composed expressly for this theatre by W. V. WALLACE. Written by HENRY F. CROLEY. Rudiger (the young Lord of Ravenstein), Mr. SIMS REEVES; The Commandant, Mr. SANTLEY; The Pastor, Mr. PATAY; Claus, Mr. TERROTT; The King, Mr. BARTLEMAN; Elsie, Miss HUDDART; and Mary, Madame L. SHERRINGTON. Early application, to prevent disappointment, should be made at the box office of the theatre, which is open daily from 10 to 6. Doors open at half-past 7; performance commences at 8 o'clock each evening. During Lent there will be No Performance on Wednesday and Friday Evenings.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH.—THIS EVENING (Saturday) the new and successful Drama, in five parts, arranged by C. J. MATHEWS, Esq., entitled THE SAVANNAH, in which Messrs. CHARLES MATHEWS, ROBERT ROXBOROUGH, RYDER, G. HONEY, McLEAN, FARRELL, SPENCER, MELLON, Mrs. CHARLES MATHEWS, Mrs. DOWTON, and Miss THIRLWALL will appear. After which the new Vaudeville, entitled A SMACK FOR A SMACK, Fauchette, Mlle. ALOINA DI RHONA; John Trot, Mr. W. TEMPLETON. To conclude with the grand Comic Ballet entitled LE ROI DES PIERROTTS; La Danse des Pierrots executed by Sixty Coryphées and Mlle. Aloina di Rhona. Box-office open daily from 10 till 5, under the direction of Mr. C. Nugent. Doors open at half-past 6; to commence at 7.

### NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of THE MUSICAL WORLD is established at the Magazine of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'clock P.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

Terms { Three lines and under ... .. 2s. 6d.  
Every additional 10 words ... .. 6d.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

## The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1861.

WITHIN the last twelve months Death has made sad havoc in the ranks of artists, and of those connected with art. Indeed, the grim King of Terrors, during this period, would seem to have chosen one section of the community, above all others, against whom to direct his arrows, whose points fail not to penetrate, and whose poison is beyond all cure. As the blight, from no pity, passes by the golden cereals and the smiling flowers, fastening on the unpretending potatoe apple, so the insatiate monster, mysterious as ruthless, overlooks beauty, opulence, and rank, and wages war upon intellect, as though afraid of the antagonism of mind, not knowing how far its operations might tend to interfere with his illimitable power. To descend to plain sense, we cannot recall a single year in which so many men who have figured conspicuously in the eyes of the public have fallen before the resistless scythe of the mower,—men, too, who had not all run out to the full extent of life's tether, and who, in some instances, had only passed the meridian of existence. Poor Jullien was cut down in the prime of life, when his mind was fullest, his energies greatest, his future most alluring. Albert Smith, still younger than Jullien, had barely reached the *mer-de-glace* of life's Mont Blanc, and was hurried away, with his eyes still fixed on the shining summit, which was the goal of his expectations. Robert Brough had only just entered on the highway which leads to the land of promise, and was



outstripping many in his bounding career, when he was summoned away suddenly. We might name others—poor Lovell Phillips, for instance, who died too young for friendship, love, and art—who perished early, and should have been spared if the shadowy monarch had owned one touched of pity, or had been influenced by feelings of poetical justice.

Scribe departed full of years, but, judging from his recent works, had not passed the zenith of his powers. Indeed Death deprived the world of a new work from his wonderfully fertile pen, which at the time of his decease he was busy inditing for the Opéra Comique, in conjunction with his friend and collaborateur Auber; and so, in killing Scribe, Death may be said to have committed a double murder. Alfred Bunn, less advanced in years than Eugène Scribe, had received frequent warnings that he would be soon wanted in the domains of Night, and should have been prepared. Let us hope that he brought himself at last to look upon the glitter and smile of life with some feeling akin to calmness.

The latest addition to Death's list is that of J. W. Maddox, who expired on Tuesday last, at his residence, Pelham Crescent, Brompton, in the seventy-third year of his age. This gentleman was for many years connected with the theatrical and musical world of London, and at one time played an important part in the fortunes of English opera. Mr. Maddox was lessee of the Princess's Theatre from the time of its opening, some eighteen or twenty years ago, and retained the lesseeship to his death. His management was characterised by great energy and discrimination, and to no London *impresario* was the public more deeply indebted for entertainments remarkable for their variety and excellence. It was at the Princess's Theatre that Macready, during the latter period of his career—dating from the time that he had given up management—most frequently performed. It was at the Princess's, under the direction of Mr. Maddox, he took his "farewell," previous to his departure for America. It was at the Princess's, under the same management, that the great tragedian made his first appearance after his return from America, when his popularity in this country was, if possible, increased by the treatment he had received from the New York public on the occasion of the "Forest Row," his reception, perhaps, being the most extraordinary ever witnessed in a theatre, the applause enduring without cessation for upwards of seven minutes. To Mr. Maddox, too, the theatrical world was indebted for the appearance in this country of the celebrated American actress, Miss Cushman; for the return of Miss Fanny Kemble (Mrs. Butler) to the English stage; for introducing to a London audience, Mr. Compton, the comedian, besides many other actors who now exhibit on the metropolitan boards.

But Music is even more indebted to Mr. Maddox than the Drama. Mr. Macfarren's *Charles the Second*, and Mr. Edward Loder's *Night Dancers*—two of the most charming of English operas—were written expressly for the Princess's Theatre; as was also Mr. Schira's *Minnie*, a work of genuine merit. Two of Mr. Balfe's operas, written for the Opéra Comique, Paris, and which had not been heard in England—the *Four Sons of Aymon*, and *Geraldine (Le Puits d'Amour)*, were brought out by Mr. Maddox, as were also Flotow's *Stradella*, Mr. Loder's *Puck*, &c., &c. Perhaps, however, the greatest boon conferred by Mr. Maddox on the musical public was the production of Auber's *Crown Diamonds*—which by the way introduced Mad. Anna Thillon to a London audience—and *The Syren* of the same composer. The singers who came out under Mr. Maddox's management are almost countless, and we need only specify

along with Mad. Thillon, already named, Mlle. Nau, Miss Rafter, Miss Sarah Flower, Messrs. Allen, Weiss, Charles Braham, &c., &c. Indeed, at one time, the little theatre in Oxford-street constituted the only home of English opera in the kingdom, and native composers were beginning to look to Mr. Maddox as their future regenerator, when, in an evil hour—for music, as was supposed at the time—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean offered such tempting terms to the manager as compelled him to part with the theatre, and allowed him to retire into private life on a respectable competency. Although removed from the toils and turmoils of theatrical administration, Mr. Maddox, after his retirement from office, continued to take the liveliest interest in dramatic and operatic affairs, and was seldom or never absent from a performance of moment. He possessed a shrewd and keen intellect, and was a capital judge both of acting and singing. As a companion, he was mirthful and good-humoured; and as a friend he was sincere, hearty, and generous. His loss will be greatly felt both by friends and acquaintances.

R.

THE little Munich paper, *Neuste Nachrichten aus dem Gebiete der Politik*, contained, in its issue of the 6th December last, a notice—manufactured in St. Petersburg, and thence distributed for circulation throughout Europe—of the pianist, Mortier de Fontange (or de Fontaine), from which we can only spare room for a paragraph or two. Meanwhile, we may conscientiously "echo" the sentiment of a German contemporary\*, who remarks, that "since the glorious apparition of Ole Bull, the Norwegian fiddler, such a barefaced and colossal† puff has never invaded the columns of a German paper." It sets out thus:—

"Herr Mortier de Fontange, a gentleman who merits the highest encomiums for his interpretation of Beethoven's latest pianoforte poems, will visit Munich in December. Thirty years ago, a critic would have added: 'and give our ears a treat.' That was in the time of Field, Hummel, Moscheles, and other virtuosi, who were favourites in Munich. This notion is now changed! Beethoven writes for the mind. He judges all human things by the standard of the highest excitements of which the mind is capable; he points out to the mind ideal paths, which extend beyond the meridian of every-day life, and proceed higher, not contented with the *statu quo* of the world. . . . A man who knows everything in Beethoven, just as an educated German carries his Schiller and Goethe about with him in his head and heart, knows absolutely nothing of the spiritual nature most peculiar to him, if he is not acquainted with the *sonatas, quartets, symphonies, and masses beyond Op. 100*.

"Such, however, are especially the above-named works, each of which forms an epoch in the history of the human mind, and a station of the latter on the road 'Forwards.' Only a special philosophical course of study is able to grasp the succession of ideas poured forth with the whole soul. . . . Studies of freedom on human thought, such as those in Beethoven, are to be found in the history of every art and science, but nowhere *secreted in forms*, which of themselves count for so many *ideas*, but thereby afford the most glorious instance of the fructification of all matter by the mind, which alone is a living thing. Such is Beethoven in his latest works, at the height of his mental power, of which he might well say:—'I am a mountain in God, and must ascend myself.'"

It was Angelus Silesius—not Beethoven—who uttered this absurdity. But listen further to the oracle from St. Petersburg:—

"It is to the comprehension of such a prophet that Herr Mortier de Fontange has dedicated his artistic life: he has listened to this sackbut of ideas, '*mirum spargens sonum*;' these manifestations of a brain which would have preferred the power of armies and cannons to musical notation for the triumph of his ideas, are interpreted profoundly and powerfully by Herr Mortier, deeply moved by his great and responsible task.

\* *The Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

† "Barefaced and colossal." Let it pass.

No treat for the ears, no concert! — a torch which he bears aloof for himself and others! The pianist who is able to present these works in their covering of tone, devotes himself to higher aims; he becomes a priest of art, speaking to the world in the language of the mind. . . .

"Munich will hear, him, and pronounce its opinion, and it is because Munich possesses an opinion that the artist comes to Munich."

"Will not Herr Mortier de Fontange," — inquires our Lower-Rhenish contemporary, in a quasi-ironical tone, pay Frankfort-on-the-Main and Cöln, too, a visit, rendering both happy by his presence?" In the first-named city it is reported that the pianist of the Trans-Hundred earned for himself imperishable renown, not many years ago, through his wholly original performance of Beethoven's sonata, Op. 111, and other remarkable works. But some more of the circular puff and we have done: —

"Let us apply to the artist the maxims of the statesman: 'It is not the rights a person exercises, but the duties he imposes on himself, which give him his value.' Herr Mortier has imposed upon himself the duty of standing forth as THE CHAMPION OF ARTISTIC TRUTH (!) — of campaigning all his life for enlightenment by means of Beethoven. Germany reads Sophocles and Thucydides more purely than the Beethoven, and from the first to the last edition of the five 'Schicksals-Sonaten,' HERR MORTIER'S RENDERING IS THE SOLE CORRECT ONE (editio mendacior), &c. &c."

"How Munich — artistic and amateur — in the Bockkeller and at Pschorr's" (exclaims our contemporary) — "must have puzzled its brains, on the 6th December, as to the precise signification of this panegyric from St. Petersburg! How great must have been the excitement, when, only a few days subsequently, the hero Mortier, torch in hand, made his triumphal entry into the city, and, without loss of time, seating himself at the piano (14th December), played no fewer than thirteen different pieces, in the following order (the programme lies before us): —

"1. Fugue — S. Bach; 2. 'Harmonious Blacksmith' — Handel; 3. Saraband — François Couperin; 4. Toccata — Domenico Scarlatti; 5. 'Tempo di Menuetto' — Jos. Haydn; 6. Rondo — Mozart; 7. Sonata, Op. 111 — Beethoven; 8. 'Moment Musical' — Franz Schubert; 9. Romance — Schumann; 10. Scherzo — Mendelssohn; 11. 'Sérénade d'un Troubadour' — Wilemers; 12. Etude — Chopin; 13. 'La Cascade' — Pauer."

After such a bill of fare, can anything be wanting to the complete enlightenment of the lovers of music in Munich? Ah! Herr Mortier de Fontange (or Fontaine), proceed, we entreat you, with the mission of your life, so as thoroughly to enlighten, and in the very briefest possible space of time, the miserable darkness of the entire musical world — "even down to the Botokuden" (slily adds the *Niederrheinisches Musik-Zeitung*) seen "in the Brazils." You will not lack a monument when the shears of the *parca*, rendered all the sharper by the precious delicacy of its task, shall divide the thread which holds you to existence! We, too, in London, have heard the Bach-fugue (in A minor — Herr Mortier has only one); we, too, in London have heard the Mendelssohn-scherzo (in E minor — Herr de Fontange has only one); we, too, in London have heard — O Gemini! — the "Op. 111." The fugue and the scherzo were so fast that they were impossible. The sonata in C minor — O GEMINI! Nor was the Russian manifesto strange to us; for it heralded Herr de Fontaine to London as it has recently heralded him to Munich. In short, for many years it has not merely heralded, but chronicled, posted, advertised, telegraphed, star'd, and Time(s)d him everywhere; he hoisted it as his *standard*; he carried it on his shoulder at once as his *atlas* and his *globe*. Not to be tedious, it was the *sun* which cast that light upon him in the absence of which he might have been in the dark, and so unable to "enlighten the world through Beethoven," which is his self-imposed mission.

By the way, Herr Mortier de Fontange (or de Fontaine) is the man of whom it has been said, for the last twenty years, that "he is reported to have played the 'Op. 106' of Beethoven, but that no one come-at-able had ever heard him." This is no more than the truth. Herr Mortier is "reported to have played the Op. 106" somewhere, but no one knows where, and before somebody, but no one knows who. Herr Rellstab said as much in an article.\* Or rather, on reference to Herr Rellstab, we find that it was not Herr Rellstab, but another critic (Herr Schzwbwlgwth?), who said it. What Herr Rellstab said was, that "Herr Mortier de Fontang(in?)e intended to play it." If when that intention is fulfilled — which, no doubt, will be the case some time hence — the "Op. 106" comes out like the "Op. 111" — O GEMINI! We trust it may be at Munich, Frankfort (on the Maine or the Oder, we don't care which), or Cöln — not in London.

P . . . P . . . E.

THE German papers inform us that Castelli, the Austrian literary Nestor, now in the eighty-fourth year of his age, has just published the first volume of his *Memoirs*. From these, among other interesting matters, we learn that his dramatic poem of the *Swiss Family* †, which has been translated into every language, and played hundreds of times at Vienna, brought him in altogether, for his rights as author, the sum of eight florins!

This fact will nevertheless cause little surprise; theatrical annals furnish us with only too many instances of the kind; and those who are curious about the fortunes of composers in former days, may satisfy themselves to their heart's content by examining the contents of Herr Jahn's last great work. Thanks to the zealous, diligent, thoroughly impartial, and extraordinarily voluminous biography of Mozart, we know how much the compositions of the illustrious German musician realised for him in the shape of pecuniary emolument — at least in the most important instances.

In the Registers of Accounts of the Vienna Theatre (an interesting and valuable collection), we read, for 1788—1789, page 45: —

"Paid to Ponte (Lorenzo), for writing the book of *Don Giovanni*, 100 florins."

And a little further on (page 47): —

"Paid to Mozart (Wolfgang), for composing the music of *Don Giovanni*, 225 florins."

For the score of the *Magic Flute* (such is the genuine title of this masterpiece — not the *Enchanted Flute* ‡, as many have been accustomed to call it, owing to a careless translation of the title on the score printed in Germany) — for the score of the *Magic Flute*, 100 ducats were paid by Schickaneder, manager of the Imperial Theatre, who reaped an immense profit by the bargain. No other work of Mozart's has enjoyed such continued popularity and success throughout Germany. The first representation of *Die Zauberflöte* took place on the 30th September, 1791. § In the month of October the opera was played twenty-four times; the bills

\* *Königliche privilegierte Berlinische Zeitung*, March 6, 1855, in noticing Miss Arabella Goddard's audible and visible execution of the same sonata at one of her concerts in Berlin.

† Set to music by Weigl.

‡ The flute is not enchanted, but enchanting. In plain language, it enchants others. The Italians were therefore right in calling the opera *Il Flauto Magico*, and not *Il Flauto Incantato*.

§ Little more than two months later (Dec. 5, 1791 — at Vienna) Mozart died, in the 36th year of his age.

of the 23rd November, 1792, announced its hundredth, and those of the 22nd October, 1795, its two hundredth performance.

Again, the same munificent honorarium was the guerdon of Mozart, respectively on account of *Die Entführung* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*.

And what about those operas of Rossini which were originally produced in Italy? One example may suffice. The incomparable *Barbiere di Siviglia* was disposed of for an "obolus" — which not only purchased the right of republication but that of representation also! It must be admitted that the composers of the present day look more carefully after their interests.

EVERY week brings its funeral tribute to the mortuary tablets of the year just commenced. Letters from Weimar state that Herr Capellmeister Chelard, composer of the opera of *Macbeth*, died recently, in that Liszt-ridden city, at the age of seventy-two. Herr Chelard was director and conductor of the first German operatic company in England. He it was who introduced *Fidelio*; and afterwards presented us with his own *Macbeth*.

The Conservatory of Music of Liège, also, has lost Joseph Dupont, one of its most eminent professors, a skilful violinist, and a meritorious composer. He had just terminated an opera entitled, *Ribeiro Pinto*.

In the same week, aged seventy-seven, at Antwerp, died M. Henri Simon, last representative of the school of Lesueur and Catel. M. Simon was author of a large number of works, among which is the oratorio of *Judith, ou le Siège de Bèthulie*, generally considered to be his masterpiece.

Lastly, from Paris, we are apprised of the death of André Hoffmann, who occupied a high position among dramatic artists, but whose career was cut short at an early age, by an affection of the brain. Independently of his talent as an actor, André Hoffmann was particularly happy in the "chansonnette." Thus, in Grassot and Hoffmann, Paris has lost its two most popular and distinguished low comedians. They resembled each other in nothing but their histrionic talent and idiosyncratic originality; but their respective deaths are to be deplored in an equal measure by habitual frequenters of the Parisian theatres. Grassot was the idol of the Palais Royal, Hoffmann the pearl of the Variétés.

MR. HOWARD PAUL has introduced the American national lyric, the "Star-spangled Banner" in his entertainment, and it is received in the northern counties with enthusiasm.

THE ARION CHOIR.—This new and highly promising society gives its first Orchestral Concert for the season on Friday. The object of the Arion Choir is, we learn from the prospectus, "to obtain the best possible performances of music hitherto unknown, and of a nature not introduced by existing Choirs, such as Cantatas, Pastorals, Masses, Psalms, &c., with or without orchestra; but particularly Motets, &c., for double choir." The object is eminently praiseworthy, and is entitled to the attention of all musicians, professional and amateur.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—As might have been anticipated, the repetition of the principal features of the Beethoven programme of February 11th proved an immense success, St. James's Hall being again crammed to repletion, and many applicants turned away from the doors. The critic's office at these concerts becomes, as a general rule, a mere sinecure, the selection being invariably of the highest order, the executants the first of their class, and the result uniformly satisfactory. The Rasoumowski quartet, in E minor, was (for the second time at these concerts) listened to with profound attention, and greeted with the warmest plaudits;

while the enormous difficulties of the sonata (Op. 111)—in the hands of Miss Arabella Goddard—astonished, just as her expressive grace and delicacy enchanted, every hearer, and procured for the young pianiste a hearty, unanimous, and enthusiastic recall. Nor did the famous "Kreutzer" fall on less willing ears, the performance being, as on previous occasions, in all respects worthy of the music—the very highest praise that can be awarded. Instead of the trio in C minor (for strings), we had one in G major (first time), which was admirably played, and met with unequivocal success. These trios are a delightful innovation.

Mr. Sims Reeves sang the ever-welcome "Adelaide" with exquisite feeling, the accompaniment being played with the utmost grace and refinement by Miss Arabella Goddard. Nevertheless, it was impolitic to place it after "The stolen Kiss," which on the present occasion was given in the first part of the concert. The effect produced by "Adelaide" was as great as ever, and Mr. Reeves was compelled twice to return to the orchestra—courteously, however, after his wont, declining the "encore." Miss Banks (her second appearance) repeated the songs of the previous Monday—Dussek's "Name the glad Day," and Mendelssohn's "Charnier," with, if possible, increased approbation. More purely legitimate singing it would be difficult to find, a voice more fresh, or a style more unobtrusive. Miss Banks may be congratulated upon having now established herself as a decided favourite with one of the most discriminating audiences in London.

Monday, the 18th instant, is to be another Beethoven night, when some important novelties will be forthcoming.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION will give their first Subscription Concert this season at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday evening next, March 12th, when Miss Arabella Goddard will perform, for the first time, a fantasia on English airs, entitled "Albion," composed expressly for her by M. Benedict, besides Bach's famous "Prelude and Fugue alla Tarantella;" Onslow's Quintet in B flat will also be performed by the following eminent artists:—Leader, Mr. Dando; 2nd violin, Mr. Weslake; viola, Mr. H. Webb; violoncello, Mr. Pettit; contra-basso, Mr. Reynolds. Part songs by the choir of 200 voices, under the direction of M. Benedict.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—At the concert of Saturday last, the London Glee and Madrigal Union (under the direction of Mr. Land) assisted, and gave some of their favourite glees and madrigals. There was also a violoncello fantasia, executed by M. Lamoury, Gluck's overture to *Iphigenia*, by the band, and Sir H. Bishop's quartet, "Blow, gentle gales;" the quartet was loudly redemanded. The members of the union—Miss J. Wells, Miss Eyles, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Land, and Mr. Lawler—appeared to delight the audience. We hear that the London Glee and Madrigal Union are to give a series of concerts at the Palace, commencing on the 11th instant.

A CONCERT was given at the Bridge House Hotel, London Bridge, by the Band of the M Division of the metropolitan Police, under the direction of band-master Mr. C. Fox. The audience encored nearly every piece in the programme, and in the instance of Miss Rebecca Isaacs in the "Ladies' Rifle Corps," and Mr. Leonard (who was never in better voice and never sang better) in "Largo al Factotum," would scarcely be content with that. The band played some selections from popular operas (including the march from *Robin Hood*). Mr. W. Wilson accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.

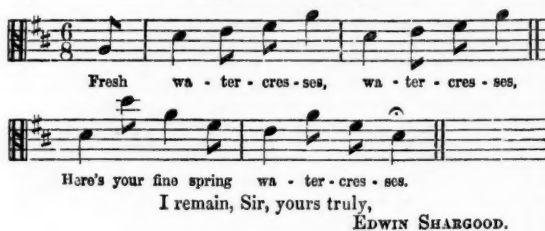
MUNICH.—Mendelssohn's overture for a wind-band was rather a novel piece for the Odéon, and not a few persons were more astonished than pleased at the appearance of a full military band, with its somewhat barbarous appurtenances, within the walls of that peaceful locality. The overture is, however, a brilliant proof of what great and beautiful effects may be produced even from the most unfavourable elements by a composer of Mendelssohn's fine feeling and taste. It may too serve as a contrast to what is done by many of our more modern and most modern composers, who, with all the rich appliances of a full orchestra at their command, degenerate into the rude tones of a brass band fitted only for a beer-garden. For our part, we thought the work was admirably suited for an orchestra, and quite in keeping with the name of its author.



## Letters to the Editor.

### ANOTHER STREET TUNE.

SIR,—Allow me to present you, and—if you think fit to print it—your readers also, with a companion to the cry of the “Dog’s-meat-man,” communicated to the “World” by Mr. C. E. Horsley, in your last number. It is perhaps not inferior in its melodic form, and cried, or sung, as I hear it daily, in a very musical voice, and in the exact pitch in which I have transcribed it, it makes a very musical and not disagreeable street cry.



### ENGLAND'S LYRIC POETRY.

SIR,—The remarks of your valuable correspondent, “R,” in No. 39 of the *MUSICAL WORLD*, have opened a subject deeply concerning our composers and publishers. There is no moral question that lyric poetry, both on this and the other side of the Atlantic, is at a very low ebb, and it is difficult to decide who is most to blame for it. I think with “R.” that the composers and publishers (and a little the public) are as accountable as the author; for so long as composers and publishers submit lyrics, or rather “sets of words,” to the public, and the latter purchase them, more with regard to the signature they bear than their intrinsic merit, so long will the published lyrical productions remain in their present condition.

Authors will write any rubbish on the faith of a name, and one can scarcely blame composers and publishers for accepting that which they feel confident will sell best. Is it not a fact that the music-buying public—few of whom can sing at sight, and are consequently unable to judge of a melody before playing it—first ask to inspect the songs bearing the name of some extensive writer who, by some lucky accident, writes one good song in twenty?

It will easily be perceived that some interest dictates these remarks. It does. I have long felt that the lyric poetry of the present generation is far inferior to that of the last. Where are our Moores and Dibdens? Having a taste for that style of composition, I have devoted an amount of study to its construction, which, if directed into other channels, would, I am sure, have been rewarded by greater successes. I do not mean the success which has found its way to my pocket, as all who know anything of the subject will bear with me in admitting that to have been the least portion, and song-writing must never be regarded as a profession, but the publishing success. This is the secret of the complaints of “R.” and myself.

Few people have the courage to continue writing, and studying to improve what they write, with the spectre of a polite note, declining their works, gazing at them from their *escritoir*. Good songs can be written, and I trust in the future to prove it; but never until composers, publishers, and the public refuse bad poetry, regardless of whose name it bears, will there be any encouragement for many whose end and aim is to be numbered with even the humblest of England’s lyric poets, among whom is

Your obedient servant,  
JOHN YOUNG.

### BELL RINGERS.

31 High Street, Belfast, March 5, 1861.

SIR,—As a regular reader of your valuable Musical Review, permit me to suggest the addition of what I think would prove interesting to many, viz., a weekly notice of the performances of the cathedral change ringers throughout England.

Of this music I find no mention in any journal except *Bell’s Life in London*,—about the last place any one interested in it would think of looking for it, at least whilst the *MUSICAL WORLD* exists. You would besides confer a favour on many not initiated in the theory of music,

by giving an explanation of the terms used in describing the performances of such music, such as “treble bob majors,” “grandshire triples,” “foreman’s course triples,” “the tenor at home every fourth,” and many other terms that have escaped my memory.

Yours sincerely,

G. H. W.

### VERDI A REPRESENTATIVE AND PATRIOT.

VERDI, the well-known composer, after his election at Borgo San Donino, addressed the following letter to the President of the electoral bureau:—

“Monsieur le Président,—The spontaneous honour conferred on me by the electoral college of Borgo San Donino affects me deeply. It is a proof that I have acquired the esteem which belongs to an upright and independent man, and which is of infinitely greater value in my eyes than the trifling glory and fortune I have acquired in the arts. I thank you, therefore, Monsieur le Président, and I beg you to express the same for me to the electors who have confided to me their honourable mandate. Assure them that if I cannot take with me to Parliament the splendour of eloquence, I shall carry there independence of character, a scrupulous conscience, and the firm determination to contribute as much as lies in my power to the success and grandeur of the unification of our country, so long agitated and divided by civil discords. At present, in order to satisfy the desire so long disappointed of seeing the country united, fortune sends us a king who really loves his people. Let us rally round him, for the prince whom we are soon about to proclaim the first King of Italy, will perhaps be the only one that will have loved the Italians more than the throne.—Accept,” &c.  
“G. VERDI.”

Verdi, who has, it is said, abandoned the Opera House, should, before abandoning his art altogether, compose a national hymn for the Piedmontese. No one would be capable of doing it better.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—On Monday night the programme of this house assumed a totally new character. Not only has the highly successful engagement of Mr. Charles Kean come to an end, but the Christmas pantomime is at length withdrawn, and while Mr. Charles Mathews is once more the leading actor in the dramatic portion of the entertainment, there has been a great accession of strength to the choregraphic department. Mlle. Albina di Rhona, who caused so much sensation at the St. James’s as a dancing *soubrette*, has migrated to Old Drury, taking with her Mr. Palgrave Simpson’s Terpsichorean farce, *A Smack for a Smack*, in which she goes through all her characteristic movements, assisted by Mr. W. Templeton, a clever comic actor. She is also one of the principal dancers in a new ballet, called *Le Roi des Pierrots*, played for the first time last night. This ballet, being wholly without plot, is little more than a *divertissement*, but it concentrates a large amount of talent, and contains an unusual variety of spirited and amusing dances. M. Knach, under whose superintendence it has been produced, is himself a comic dancer, much after the manner of the celebrated M. Espinosa, of the Princess’s, and greatly distinguishes himself both as a fantastic gentleman, who is apparently visited by a dancing-mania, and as a country bumpkin, who is partly scared, partly pleased by the feats of Mlle. di Rhona. Mr. Cormack and the two Misses Gunniiss display themselves to great advantage, but the grand feature of the ballet is *La Danse des Pierrots*, executed by sixty ladies. These are attired after a fashion, something between that of the conventional French clown, and that of the *Folie*, half their number being dressed in white, the other half in red. By a curious series of combinations and dissolutions, executed with extraordinary precision, the most singular living picture is produced, and though novelty is scarcely to be expected in the shape of a ballet, there is really something altogether new, as well as extremely agreeable in the *Danse des Pierrots*.

DEATH OF MR. MADDOX.—Mr. John Maddox, so long known in connection with the Princess’s Theatre, expired on Tuesday morning, about four o’clock, at his residence in Brompton, after a protracted and painful illness. The deceased was lessee of the theatre in question at its opening, and remained so at his death. He was also manager of the house for many years, and did not retire until he had fully established its reputation among metropolitan places of amusement.

**PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.**—These entertainments have all but completed their "jubilee." The 49th season began on Monday night; and all who love good music and are aware that the first impulse in the right direction given to public taste originated in the establishment of the Philharmonic Society will be pleased to hear that the Hanover-square Rooms were crowded by a brilliant assemblage, and that the subscription list has not for years presented so satisfactory an appearance. The fact is that there is strong vitality in concerts of this description. They are based upon a solid foundation; their object is admirable, being nothing less than the advancement of true art through the perpetual example of those imperishable models which have been bequeathed us by the greatest masters. Conservative they must be; it is their mission; and those who counsel them to depart from it, in any sense, are either imperfect reasoners or enemies in disguise. The introduction of new and untried works should be the task of other and younger societies; the repertory of the Philharmonic is of necessity confined to acknowledged masterpieces. The Society of Concerts in the Conservatoire at Paris have always acted upon this principle—and with what results our readers need hardly be reminded. The programme on Monday night was in all respects irreproachable, and in one instance (we allude to the last piece) unusually interesting. We subjoin it *in extenso* :—

## PART I.

Sinfonia in C	Mozart.
Aria, "Sombre forêt" (Guillaume Tell)	Rossini.
Septuor in D minor	Hummel.
Duet, "Come, be gay" (Freischütz)	Weber.
Overture, "Alchymist"	Spohr.

## PART II.

Sinfonia in A, No. 7	Beethoven.
Aria, "Idole de ma vie" (Robert le Diable)	Meyerbeer.
Overture in C major (MS.)	Mendelssohn.

Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D.

Since last season there have been various secessions from the orchestra, owing to reasons that in no way concern the public, and the explanation of which would be not merely waste of time, but a tax on the patience of our readers. It is enough to state that the places of the (we believe) involuntary seceders have been filled up by thoroughly efficient substitutes, and that the execution of Mozart's first symphony in C (the one with the Haydnian— or, to speak English, Haydnian—minuet and trio), being completely up to the Philharmonic mark, was an auspicious inauguration of the season. The far more elaborate and difficult symphony at the commencement of the second part—which Beethoven himself regarded as one of his very best orchestral works—and the fine dramatic overture by which Spohr's opera, *Der Alchymist*, is exclusively known in this country, were equally well rendered—with a fire and precision, in short, added to a delicate observance of light and shade, that brought out all their beauties to perfection and contented the most exacting among the audience. The applause was frequent and liberal; and this was the more gratifying under the circumstances, inasmuch as the Philharmonic audience is chiefly an audience of professors and connoisseurs. Still more worthy of being dwelt upon was the very admirable performance of Mendelssohn's overture, which is so rarely heard that it came upon the ear with all the freshness of novelty, and on that account, if on no other, was the most striking feature in the programme. The history of this composition, which only exists in manuscript, may not be generally known. In 1833, on the occasion of his second visit to England, Mendelssohn was deputed by the Philharmonic directors to write some pieces for their concerts. The result of this commission—which reflected the highest credit alike on the judgment and the spirit of the society—was the overture in question (which, in consequence of the prominence of a particular instrument in the score, Mendelssohn used to call the "Trumpet-Overture"); the *scena* "Infelice," for soprano, since abridged, otherwise modified, and published; and the Second Symphony (in A major), now enjoying such universal celebrity under the title of the *Italian* symphony—a title invented after Mendelssohn's death, probably by some one who knew more about the composer's intentions than the composer himself. The "Trumpet-Overture," although in some passages reminding us more of Mozart than any other production of Mendelssohn's pen, is a masterpiece in the

fullest acceptance of the word, and so delighted every hearer as to warrant its repetition at an early period, when, we beg leave to suggest, it might appropriately be assigned the place of honour in the programme. This, by the way, is one of the many pieces so inconsistently and so obstinately withheld from publication by Mendelssohn's executors. Happily, the Philharmonic Society, having the score and the orchestral parts in their possession, cannot be prevented from introducing it now and then at their concerts. If the rest of Mendelssohn's unpublished compositions are no weaker, there is no conceivable plea for suppressing them. It is to be hoped that before long some more reasonable explanation of the line of conduct it has been found necessary to pursue with reference to these interesting manuscripts than has been hitherto vouchsafed may be afforded by those from whom the musical world has an unquestionable right to demand it. At all events, the MS. overture on Monday night was a wonderful success.

The brilliant septet of Hummel, which stood in place of the ordinary concerto, was executed in first-rate style by Mr. W. G. Cusins (pianoforte), Messrs. Svendsen (flute), Lavigne (oboe), C. Harper (horn), R. Blagrove (viola), Pettit (violoncello), and Rowland (double-bass), and unanimously applauded. Miss Louisa Pyne was the principal singer, which is equal to saying that the beautiful air from *Guillaume Tell*, and the elaborate "bravura" from *Robert le Diable*, were given to admiration. In the charming duet from *Der Freischütz* she was ably supported by her clever sister, Miss Susan Pyne.

No praise can exceed the deserts of Professor Sterndale Bennett, to whom the Philharmonic Society owes more than to any other man, and who directed the entire performance on the present occasion with unwearied zeal and masterly ability. He was received on appearing in the orchestra with the warmth due to his merits, and more than justified by his manner of conducting the orchestra the hearty greeting he experienced.

**THE HULLAH FUND.**—On Thursday night a concert was given at St. James's Hall by the members of Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, in conjunction with several artists of eminence, vocal and instrumental, for the benefit of the Hullah Fund—an object which musicians and amateurs seem in an equal degree to have at heart. The hall was well attended, and the entertainment—in its way first-rate—afforded general satisfaction. Mr. Henry Leslie himself directed the performance, and the selection of part-songs, glees, and madrigals put down for the choir was one of varied attractions and uniform excellence. The most effective choral display was Weber's famous part-song, "Lutzw's wild hunt," which was splendidly delivered and encored with enthusiasm. The glee-party consisted of Miss Banks, Messrs. John Foster, Montem Smith, and Winn, who were highly successful in two of the most familiar glees of Spofforth and the Earl of Mornington. The solo-vocalists were Miss Banks, whose "Where the bee sucks" was deservedly redemanded; Mad. Sinton Dolby, whose admirable delivery of "The three fishers," Mr. Hullah's best and most popular song, was similarly complimented; Mr. Wilbye Cooper, who, besides one of the *Reiseliieder* of Mendelssohn, gave Mr. Frederick Clay's very graceful ballad, "Would I could centre all my thoughts in thee," with irreproachable taste; and Mr. Richard Moss, whose fine bass voice was heard to advantage in Mozart's "Qui sdegno." Mr. Henry Leslie's elegant trio, "Memory," was also extremely well given by Miss Banks, Mad. Sinton Dolby, and Mr. Wilbye Cooper. The instrumental performers were Mr. Blagrove, who played his own clever *fantasia* on airs from *Luisa Miller*, in his finest manner; and Miss Arabella Goddard, whose polished and graceful execution of Handel's *suite de pièces* terminating with the "Harmonious Blacksmith," created the accustomed sensation, and who introduced, for the first time in public, Liszt's new and elaborately constructed *fantasia* on the themes of the quartet from *Rigoletto*, which she executed with a vigour, taste and brilliancy not to be surpassed. Both were loudly applauded, but Handel's variations seemed most entirely to suit the taste of the audience, who unanimously recalled Miss Goddard at the conclusion of her performance. The solo vocal music was well accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. T. S. Callcott.

At the next concert of Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir (March 21) Mendelssohn's 43rd Psalm, which was so wonderfully sung and so favourably received on the last occasion, is to be repeated.

## THE WHITE SPOTTED HORSE.

*An Arabian Legend of the period of the fourth Caliph.*

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

'Tis the cause that alone should give grace to the fight,  
And win for the champion a smile:  
But honour be done to a true-hearted knight,  
Let the steel that has cloven the way for the right  
Be tempered in Seine or in Nile.

"He is here," said Mutassim, the Caliph and Lord,  
As he turned at the sound of a cry,  
And into the hand of young Omar restored  
The wine that alone for the Caliphs is poured  
In the goblet that fell from the sky.

At the knee of the Caliph is kneeling a maid,  
At the knee of Mutassim the Just:  
In the garb of the Faithful the girl is arrayed,  
But the veil is in tatters, the raiment is frayed,  
And the sandals are darkened with dust.

"Speak, child, and be fearless," he graciously said,  
"Here nothing must tremble but guilt:  
What foe hath a child of the Faithful to dread,  
While the flag of Mutassim waves over her head,  
And his hand hath a reach of his hilt?"

"I have fled from Ammora, where three moons ago,  
I was dragged from the arms of my sire;  
And my sister Rodava still lingers in woe."  
"The name of the spoiler?" The voice was full low,  
But the eye of the Caliph was fire.

"His name is Hodeida; a fortress that stands  
On the Rock of Despair is his hold:  
And thence like an eagle he plunders the lands,  
Swoops fierce, at the head of his terrible bands,  
And bears off the maidens and gold.

"'Tis a month since Rodava, the gentle and mild,  
Implored him a ransom to claim:  
He dashed her to earth, and the heart-broken child,  
In her frantic despair, in her agony wild,—  
O Caliph! she called on Thy Name.

"Hodeida laughed out as he savagely eyed  
The girl where she lay like a corpse:  
'Mutassim, Mutassim,' he tauntingly cried,  
'Yes, wait at my will till that hero shall ride  
To thine aid on his White Spotted Horse.'"

The goblet the Caliph took back from the slave,  
But scarce of the juice tasted he:  
"The draught is but thin," said Mutassim the Brave,  
"So seal up the beaker. Ho! banner and glaive!  
Who rides to Ammora with me?"

Three days, and Hodeida beheld, from his tower,  
Approaching a martial array:  
The faithful came on in their pride and their power,  
Arabia had sent to the battle her flower,  
And a White Spotted Horse led the way.

Three hours, and the ram, that had thundered in vain,  
Crashes gates with its terrible force;  
The death-bearing arrows are pouring like rain,  
And fierce through the portal and over the slain  
Is rushing the White Spotted Horse.

Brief time for the slaughter—the robbers must die,  
And they charge on the merciless sword:  
What ruffian recoils from the Caliph's dread eye?  
"Hodeida, no maid of Arabia shall cry  
In vain on Mutassim the Lord.

"The White Spotted Horse hath appeared as the sign  
Of thy doom, in the midst of thy gates:  
Dost scowl on this faithful companion of mine?  
Abdallah the Headsman, the duty be thine,  
To banish a sight that he hates."

They brought out Rodava, with tears on her cheek,  
"Didst doubt of my coming to save:  
Yet my name in thine utmost of anguish couldst speak!  
When Allah puts prayer in the heart of the weak,  
He puts strength in the arm of the brave.

"Now, Omar, unseal me that beaker of wine,  
Its flavour, perchance, is restored."  
They shouted around, as with visage benign,  
"Aye, now, by Mahommed, the draught is divine,"  
Said Mutassim, the Caliph and Lord.

[The above is strongly recommended to English composers as a subject for a *cantata*,—not by the author, but by the Editor of the *Musical World*.]

## Provincial.

THE first part of the seventeenth concert of the Saturday Evening Concerts, on Saturday week, at EDINBURGH, was devoted to a reading of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's translation of Schiller's poem of *Fridolin*, with the incidental music composed by Bernhard Weber. Miss Aitken read the poem; but this mixed species of entertainment did not seem to please greatly. The entire musical setting of *Fridolin* by Mr. Frank Mori, we think, would have been more acceptable. Miss Helen Kirk, a young lady from Glasgow, made a good first public appearance. She is commended for her voice and expression, and cautioned about her style. The first of three concerts announced by Messrs. C. J. Hargitt and Howard, took place on Friday evening (March 1st), in the Music Hall. The "*Jupiter*" symphony of Mozart, the overture to *Preciosa*, and overture to Mr. Macfarren's *Robin Hood*, tested the mettle of the band. Of Mr. Macfarren's overture, our cotemporary, *The Evening Courant*, thus writes:—

"Macfarren's overture is not a work of much pretension, but it is melodiously and smoothly written, and, moreover, has a decidedly national character; at least it does not evince that laboured imitation of foreign styles of composition which too often characterises the orchestral works of our native composers. If the encouragement which is at present being given to English opera proves lasting, we may reasonably expect that a national style of operatic music, with original and distinctive features, will ere long be established in Britain."

Miss Banks made her first bow to an "Auld Reekie" audience, and was very favourably received. In the soprano part, in the fragment of Mendelssohn's *Loreley*, she appears to have pleased most. She does not, however, escape scot-free. The writer we have spoken above thus points to a fault which we are sorry to say might be laid to the charge of some of the most accomplished of our English songstresses:—

"She is, however, given to slurring some of her notes, and has great room for improvement in the matter of distinct articulation. We did not make out a single word of a song from Balfe's *Bianca*, which in other respects was charmingly sung."

Signor Piatti is lauded to the skies; but as regards intensity of feeling is said to have been "much surpassed by the late lamented Mr. Drechsler." Apropos of this somewhat startling enunciation, we counsel the reader to peruse the letter of our Paris correspondent, in the matter of Servais the Frenchman, and apply it to Drechsler the Teuton.

At the subscription concert at the Concert Hall, MANCHESTER, on Wednesday, the 20th ult., the London Glee and Madrigal Union assisted. The *Manchester Weekly Times* thus alludes to the performance:—

"The vocal portion of the programme found able interpretation by the members of the London Glee and Madrigal Union, including Miss Wells, Miss Eyles, Messrs. Baxter, Cummings, Land, and Lawler; the same, with the exception of Miss Wells, who afforded so much gratification to the lovers of vocal harmony in the Free Trade Hall during the farewell performances of Mad. Clara Novello. With thoroughly educated musicians, possessing tuneable and pleasantly-mingling voices, there is no class of music that wins so rapidly, or takes such deep hold upon our sympathy, as this order of part singing. To English ears it has the charm of national sentiment and traditional association, carrying us back to the days of Shakspeare, of Ben Jonson, and even of "good Queen Bess"—if Dr. Motley will permit us to give that fair lady this gracious appellation. For many years there was established in Manchester perhaps the best glee club in the country—the best, because the members were in constant practice together, and night after night, and season after season, the same fine voices were heard; but, in spite of



this agreeable recollection, it must be admitted that the London Glee and Madrigal Union have arrived at a degree of perfection that we have never previously experienced; the voices mingle so thoroughly, that is to say, they assimilate so peculiarly in quality and general character. Then, again, the intonation is so true; whilst, under the very skilful and well-studied direction of Mr. Land (whose compositions are of no mean order), there is an expression at once intelligent and faithful to the subject, and thus translating the meaning of both musician and poet in a manner acceptable to the least educated ear."

The band performed Beethoven's symphony in D and the overture to *Der Freischütz*, under the direction of Mr. C. A. Seymour, Mr. Charles Hallé not being present.

An English company, including the names of Miss Fanny Ternan, Miss Fanny Reeves, Messrs. Elliott Galer, E. Rosenthal, and J. Manley, is now giving a series of operatic performances at St. George's Hall, BRADFORD, not without opposition from a certain section of the public, who conceive the Hall is desecrated by being converted into a theatre. The Bradford people might easily reconcile matters by erecting a building available for operatic purposes. So wealthy a burgh, and musical, should have their own theatre, in which lyric representations would find a dignified home. We can hardly fancy the interior of St. George's Hall remaining unscathed by the alterations, fittings, and adjustments necessitated for its conversion into a theatre, more particularly that part required for the stage. If, however, the carpenters be as cunning as the staplers, the Hall will not suffer any damage.

LEEDS.—We learn from a correspondent that the opera company, under the direction of Mad. Rudersdorff and Mr. Randegger, have been performing at the Theatre Royal during the past fortnight to crowded audiences. Mad. Rudersdorff deserves great praise for the spirited manner in which she has produced some of the finest works in the repertoire of operas. *Don Giovanni*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Il Barbiere*, *Sonnambula*, *Lucia*, and *Trovatore*, have been included in the list, and at least respectfully performed. The principal characters have been undertaken by Mad. Rudersdorff, Miss Adela Alexander, Mad. Heinrich, Signor Tito Palmieri, Mr. Durand, and Mr. J. Morelle. The band is the best Leeds has ever had in the theatre.

At a concert given by the Classical Harmonists' Society at BELFAST, Herr Becker, the violinist, seems to have created an extraordinary sensation. The *Belfast News-letter* (March 1st) makes the following remarks on his performance:—

"Herr Becker favoured the audience with two violin solos, besides playing in a duet with Mr. Berger. Herr Becker is a very finished performer and his tone is perfectly unexceptionable. His bowing is also of a very high order of merit; and, whilst he proved that he has overcome many of the difficulties and learned to accomplish many of those tricks on the instrument which we could so well dispense with, he proved himself a true musician also, and succeeded in eliciting the warm applause of the audience and in being twice encored. Mr. Berger is a very pleasing pianoforte performer, and his rendering of Handel's 'Harmonious Blacksmith' was excellent."

The singers appear to have pleased, if we may trust the same authority:—

"Miss Lascelles, Mr. Tennant, and Signor Burdini each sang very effectively, and the audience stamped their efforts with unmistakable approval."

The aboriginal members of the society—who may be fairly entitled "Aborigines," being aboriginal, that is, original (*ab*—from the first)—the aboriginal members of the Society, we say (as Mr. Thackeray would say), if the same authority may for a third time be accepted, proved themselves equally entitled to win that universal suffrage, which—as the late Caxton puts it, they "wanne"—that is, as we have suggested a line or two above, if the report of the *Belfast News-letter* may be trusted:—

"The members of the society acquitted themselves to admiration. There was not, indeed, much to do, but it was well done. The overture to Gluck's *Iphigenia* was played with very great effect and the violin passages which tell so wonderfully in the composition were admirably rendered. The chorus was fully up to the mark, and as a whole the concert went off admirably. Mr. G. B. Allen, the conductor, was, as usual, quite at home at his post, and he deserves the utmost credit for the training and general efficiency of the chorus."

To judge from the concurrency of Hibernian goose-quills, the tour of Madame Catherine Hayes has been everywhere prosperous.

MAD. GRISI, writes the *Wiltshire County Mirror*, will positively take leave of the stage in April, and her final appearance will be on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre. ("Fudge!")

M. SCHIRA, writes the *Brighton Gazette*, will conduct the Italian operas during the coming season at Her Majesty's Theatre.

"JOHN" OF WESTMINSTER, THE ACTING DEPUTY FOR "BIG BEN."—Mr. T. Walesby writes:—"At length the great clock at the Houses of Parliament strikes the hour upon the largest of the four chime bells—or "John"—which is nearly as heavy as the great bell at St. Paul's Cathedral; the quarters being indicated as usual. Permit me to add that having, on certain occasions, ascended Sir Charles Barry's golden tower, I am enabled to assert that the bell chamber is very lofty, spacious, open at the sides, and altogether far better adapted for the passage of sound than any other in the metropolis. Hence the chimes may be heard at a considerable distance."

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Letters from this capital state that (M. Perrot having seceded) M. Saint-Léon has been appointed, by the Emperor, first *Maitre-de-Ballet* of all the Imperial theatres in Russia.

BERLIN.—We learn, from our Berlin correspondent, that some warm partisans of Richard Wagner intend to establish a musical paper, entitled *The Tannhäuser*. The first number is to appear on the 15th inst., after the first performance of *Tannhäuser* in Paris.

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